

THE

*Nassau Literary Magazine.*

RICHARD S. HUNTER, EDITOR.

VOL. XXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

No. 3.

EXPERIENCE.

EDUCATION has long been looked upon as the great panacea of all social evils. In this opinion the intelligent masses have for the most part agreed, although they have differed widely as to the best method of applying the cure. How to educate, and what are the best means of education, are questions that have agitated the public mind to no small extent, furnishing themes for country editors, popular lecturers and dignified essayists, *ad infinitum*. Many and varied are the theories advanced and proposed, and all, or nearly all, have found their advocates and disciples; yet still must it not be acknowledged, that whatever merit many of them contain, none has as yet arisen so brilliant as to make us forget that oft repeated adage, "*Experience is the best of teachers*"?

Who then is this pedagogue, upheld as the *ne plus ultra* of learning? Where does he keep his academy? and what are the costs and benefits of his teaching? These, dear friends, are the inquiries, in making which, we ask your company. Assuring you, although our little paper road may be some-

what dry, and not have many wild flowers to adorn its borders, yet we shall endeavor to make it straight and soon arrive at a *terminus*.

In inquiring into the genealogy of the object of our attention, we will find that "Experience" comes from no mean family, and that through his Latin ancestors, *Experior* and *Experientia*, he might claim, with Paul, a Roman citizenship. Or a loving philologist, searching among the heraldry of the past, might find another branch of the family in the Grecian isles, wearing for their coat of arms the word *Πειρα*, and no doubt the Hebrew or Egyptian ancestors, with a name no less clearly known or defined; thus you see this teacher has at least some claims upon our notice, as a living survivor of an ancient and respectable house. So much so, that we may without exaggeration claim that his progenitors existed coeval with the progenitors of mankind. In fact, at this early period he had already obtained the highest chair in this mundane university, and the lessons of mingled joy and sadness which he first dictated to our progenitors are too well known to need rehearsing. Here it sufficeth to say, that from a paradisaical home, where the varied landscape, made joyous by the songs of birds, gave from its bosom the sweetest perfume distilled from a thousand petals rare; they, by sad experiences of a shipwrecked faith, were driven from the silent council chamber of an angry God, and cast forlorn wanderers on an unfriendly world. From that time Experience has ever been the most effectual teacher of our race, and so close has been his company and silent his influence, that you will not recognise his appearance until defined as knowledge derived from trial, use, practice, or from a series of observations. Of his ability as a teacher we have enough testimonials to fill a respectable circular; one, however, will be all that we can offer on the present occasion. Shakspeare writes thus of his skill: "He cannot be a perfect man, not being

tried and tutored in the world. Experience is by industry achieved and perfected by the swift course of time."

The school-room, in which he applies his lessons with such rigid exactness, we need not tell you, is the world above, the concave vault studded with shining pearl; below, an emerald carpet of never-fading texture. Here, through stately groves of nodding trees, beneath the prattle of the sparkling waterfall, or in the softened light of the mountain shade, Experience leads his pupils in quiet reveries; or in the beating heart of the bustling town, pours his lessons of sorrow or of joy. That the academy is well adapted to his purpose, no one will deny. Blessings to enlarge and swell the soul, trials to cleanse and purify it, abound on every side. Other places of learning have models and charts; but here are found the living originals. Other colleges may boast of vast and extensive libraries, but here are found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." The lessons taught are too numerous even for a mere mention of them. Everything that goes to make up life, to develope manhood, or prepare us for eternity, finds a part in this extensive curriculum.

*Man is selfish*, is written on the black-board of history in fearful characters of blood. *Life is short*, in bold round-hand, peers at us from the tablets of the churchyard; and that *Earthly joys are fleeting*, is graven in imperishable hieroglyphs on the pages of memory. That the course is an expensive one in many cases, we will not deny, for although it is true that "experience teaches wisdom," it is also true that "experience is dearly bought." Pain, want, fatigue, both of body and mind, are too frequently the concomitants of this never-failing tutor, and many a pupil has increased his experimental knowledge at the expense of life itself.

The quality, however, of the teachings, and the indelibility

with which they enroll themselves in the records of the mind, repay us in a measure for all our castigation. If we would be sifted as the wheat from the chaff, we must experience *tribulation*; if we would be urbane and polite, we must experience the buffets and frowns of the inhabitants of *Urbs*, or the descendants of *Πολιτης*. In this school, if we would know, we must learn by studying opposites, and comparing, to ascertain their value, pain with pleasure, joy with grief, and then *vice versa*. Call to your mind for a moment the picture of one who, from early childhood, has experienced the blessings and comforts of home; one who has been wont, on shivering nights, when mournful winds go prowling round the house, to draw his chair within the family circle, and make one in that band of love, whose glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes rival the burning anthracite upon the hearth before them; and then go forth into the howling storm, and follow the poor wanderer, who never, even when a little child, had known the comfort of a mother's kiss, or felt the heavings of a mother's bosom, as with pale, wan visage, and hollow, sunken eye, his feeble limbs carry him with staggering gait along the dreary pavements. Mark how his eager, famished gaze, drinks in the light that, streaming from yonder cheerful parlor, dances on his brow in painful mockery. And think you that, could these brother actors on the stage of life but change their characters, the first would not feel most intensely the pain of his situation, and the second know well how to appreciate the benefits of fire and food, after the experience of the life that had gone before?

And now, why all this teaching? why this varied, and oftentimes painful experience? why must we "bear the whips and scorns of time, the proud man's wrong, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay, the insolence of office, when we might our quietus make with a bare bodkin?" Because,

kind companion, if you have accompanied me thus far, we are here on probation, we are being tried and tutored as to whether we can endure life; not a hum-drum, common-place life, but a life of right thinking, right acting, and right speaking, in order that we may be allowed to enter that higher realm of life and light in the land of the hereafter. This is the great preparatory school, from which it is requisite we should take a diploma, in order to enter the higher university of heaven: and who is there so foolish as not to long for such a noble experience as to know God and enjoy eternal life? I seem to see an aged pilgrim, with silvery locks and features scarred with many a wound from the battle of life. He is dressed in the costume of an ancient bard, and as he sits with his harp just beyond the river, he sings a joyful song, whose trembling melody is burdened with the sweet experience of heaven.

Beyond the river, all is past—  
All that the world can do or dare.  
Safe! safe! in heaven, my home, at last,  
Where souls ecstatic know no care.  
  
Beyond the river, oh, how sweet!  
With kindred spirits there to rove—  
The great, the good, in conclave meet,  
To bathe their souls in seas of love.  
  
Beyond the river, weary heart,  
Thy broken spirit may find rest;  
Experience joys that ne'er depart,  
And be with God for ever blest.

Souls of the oppressed and weary—souls of the glad and joyous, will you not by faith anticipate this pleasure, and join the minstrel in his gladsome strain?

S.

---

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.  

---

An army had waited, and suffered, and fought,  
An army lay bleeding and dying for naught:  
Deprived of its leader—its idol—its friend—  
Little hope—little comfort—did Providence lend.  
The heroes of Malvern—Antietam—Chantilly—  
Who'd fought for the Lion, or bled for the Lily—  
Whose sires for old Erin had shed their heart's blood—  
Whose fathers repose 'neath a Waterloo's clod.  
From village, from hamlet, from prairie, from plain,  
From the old Granite State, from the shores of Champlain;  
From mountain, from valley, from river, from vale,  
They had rolled as the billows are borne by the gale.  
From the land of the Frenchman, the home of the Dane;  
From the lakes of Wisconsin, the forests of Maine;  
They'd fought for their country, they'd fought for their laws—  
They'd rallied, they'd bled for America's cause.

The fathers, the brothers, the sons of the North,  
Arose on the morn of the glorious Fourth,  
To battle with traitors, to struggle with foe,  
Till victory should crown them, or death lay them low.  
Their homes were invaded, their hamlets on fire,  
What wonder their bosoms were swollen with ire!  
As they swore, in defence of the colors they bore,  
They'd conquer or die 'mid the cannon's wild roar;  
And they vowed, when they thought of the innocent maid,  
Defenceless, exposed to that terrible raid—  
When they thought of the hearts that were broken and sore,  
And the widows and orphans that wept for the war—  
That living or dying, their cry still should be  
For their country, the home of the brave and the free.

With huzzas for their banner, they entered the strife,  
And many a gallant there laid down his life;  
And on the red field, 'mid the carnage and death,  
To his country and lover each breathed his last breath;  
'Mid the roar of the cannon, the scream of the shell,  
And the wild battle-cry, which above them did swell;

'Mid the charges of chargers, at thunderbolt speed,  
And the trampling of squadrons and galloping steed;  
'Mid the wild-wreathing smoke, and the gun's ruddy glare,  
Without a protection—their bosoms all bare.  
To the charge! with a vengeance, the enemy rushed;  
For an instant the noise of the battle was hushed;  
Then sudden there pealed from the guns' brazen throats,  
An overture, tuned to the fiercest of notes;  
And across the long line like the lightning it dashed,  
And right through the ranks like a whirlwind it crashed;  
But they swerved not an inch to the left or the right,  
And onward they rushed, in the pride of their might:  
With their colors on high, they advanced on the field,  
On which they had sworn they would die, ere they'd yield.

But firm as the rocks of their own native land,  
The men of the North unflinchingly stand:  
To the brunt of the fight they their bosoms expose,  
While their volleys they pour in the breasts of their foes.

As the waves of the ocean are borne to the shore,  
With their clear, curling crests, and monotonous roar,  
That host was advancing, in order, with might,  
To vanquish the freeman, to trample on right:  
As the waves of the ocean, when dashed on a rock,  
Are scattered to spray by the force of the shock,  
That host in an instant in death was laid low,  
By the breath of their gallant victorious foe.  
That night, through the air of that battle-stained plain,  
From the heaps of the wounded, and dying, and slain,  
There murmured a wail full of sighs and of moans,  
Full of anguish, and torture, and torments, and groans.

From the hills of Vermont to the plains of the West,  
The glorious triumph was echoed with zest;  
While the nation arose, the earned homage to pay  
To the sons of the goddess who'd conquered that day.  
Shout aloud in their praises, ye men of the North!  
Break forth into singing, O land that brought forth  
The heroes who've won on your National Day  
A victory whose memory will never decay!  
And then, when the war and its battles are past;  
When the carnage and bloodshed are over at last;  
When brother with brother in friendship shall grasp  
The hand which of yore he was eager to clasp;

When the soldiers return, with victorious tramp,  
From the scenes of confusion, the hardships of camp—  
With their fathers, and mothers, and children shall meet;  
When the lover his lass with affection shall greet;  
With their colors all faded, and tattered, and torn,  
And their flags 'mid the smoke of the battle outworn:  
When Peace o'er the land her soft pinions shall spread;  
When conflict and carnage for ever are fled;  
When in friendship and love comes our glorious Fourth,  
Shout aloud in their honor, ye men of the North!

TARTAN.

---

#### ABOUT POETRY.

---

MR. EDITOR—It has become my pleasant duty, as the Secretary of the "Association for Poetic Reform," to communicate through you to your numerous patrons the proceedings and result of a meeting held by us, on the 18th instant, at the Castalian Spring, on Mount Parnassus. The Muses had long been grieved at the degeneracy of modern poetic literature. They, its tutelary divinities, could no longer behold it as it limped in crippled metre, and trembled in weakly sentiment on tongue and printed page. Their resolve was accordingly made. A solemn conclave was held. Apollo, guardian of all Art, presided, and, after mature deliberation, the assembly dispersed. The result was this: Calliope, the fair-voiced, was sent to inspire me with a desire to be the minister of the Muses among mortals; to be the instrument for effecting a remarkable renovation in this particular sphere of letters. She performed her work, and I accordingly set about my task, and soon had around me a number of kindred spirits, all anxious to purify this now degraded heavenly gift.



When Calliope made the result of her effort with me known to the "Sisterhood," a call was immediately issued from Olympus for an assemblage of divines and mortals at the classic waters of the Castalian Fount. Then swift-footed Mercury sped away at once to the habitations of men, and I soon had laid before me this astounding order:

"MOUNT OLYMPUS, November 18th, 1863.

Ye mortal reformers at once must repair  
To Castalia's Fountain. The Muses meet there.  
Now do what is right. Do what I'll approve,  
And blessing be yours.

(Signed)

OLYMPIAN JOWE."

This was irresistible; and as I had kept my followers by me all the time in anticipation of something like the above, I had only to read the order to them, and we were ready. We stepped to the door, and there found Fancy, with her winged chariot, ready to waft us from the abode of mortals to that of gods. We took our seats, and soon were transported away from the regions of Humanity.

As I have written a description of the time of day we made our journey and held our meeting, I will give it to you here. It will bring that momentous period more clearly before your mind than in any other way I could present it.

'Twas grand! 'twas glorious! 'twas sublime the scene  
That to our gaze appeared, as through the deep  
Blue sky, old Sol—chief Ruler of the Day—  
On chariot throne, rolled slowly down and sank  
With august grandeur and sublimity,  
Into the placid bosom of the mist  
Which rested languidly on western hills,  
So like a thin, transparent veil, drawn o'er  
The bosom of a virgin. Then he wrought  
Around it bright and dazzling wreaths of light.  
Down, down the chariot wheels in silence sped,  
He sank beneath, and rosy-fingered Hours  
Shut down the golden gates of Hesperus.  
And Twilight, as we journeyed swiftly on,

Protecting from the chilling clutch of Nox  
The fast departing splendors of the god,  
Let fall a veil, by unseen beings ruled,  
A misty one, dividing night from day.

---

Night drew with regal dignity  
Her sable robe around, and decked  
Its chilling beauty with bright stars  
Which twinkled merrily in the folds  
Of her dark drapery. The moon  
Rose queen-like, from her Orient couch  
To keep her nightly vigil o'er  
A silent, slumbering world. A calm  
All nature seemed to woo. The hum  
Of busy active world had ceased.  
The deafening click of rattling looms  
Was no more to be heard. The sharp  
And ringing anvil of the smith  
No longer clanked. The massive forge  
Had ceased its mighty strokes.

Life's huge  
And restless pulse had ceased to throb,  
And silence universal held  
The world. The moon, with pensive mien,  
Moved slowly up the blue-arched vault  
Dispensing wide her silver light,  
And wearied nature felt the power  
It soothingly and gently gave.

The night-clouds coursed in wild career  
Athwart pale Luna's face, as if  
To hide her beauty. But she yet  
Gave mark of presence, by the wreath  
Of God's first gift to man, she threw  
Reproachfully around the form  
Of each her envious foes.

Yes, it  
Was beautiful.—Oh! Night, I love  
Thy hallowed power. Thou dost exalt  
The finer feelings of the soul  
And plant them 'mid bright realms  
Of Poesy, there to hold a long  
Uninterrupted converse with  
The God of nature.

The distance was soon passed over, and we were safely landed at the entrance of the sacred enclosure, within which were Castalia's classic waters. But before we were permitted to enter the mystic realm, an oath of secrecy, as to a revelation of its appearance to mortals, was exacted. This given, we were conducted within.

APOLLO was there, and around him sat in pensive silence, yet with hopeful look, the graceful NINE, the divinities of Art. We were received with a becoming welcome, and conducted to seats close by the feet of the Master. We were now relieved of our overcoats and hats by light-footed attendants, and presented by Hebe with a refreshment of ambrosia and nectar. During the repast, I could not but mark the intense interest manifested in us by all the celestials there present. This was an important epoch in the history of all of us. Humanity and Divinity side by side, both enlisted in the sacred cause of Progress.

Supper at length was ended, meerschaums were lighted, and we of the "Association" at least were ready for business. I know the divinities were horrified at our conduct, but the nobility of the cause we had undertaken, sufficiently atoned for all improprieties. So silence universal held this wonderful assemblage, broken nowhere save by the monotonous puff of our pipes, and an occasional cough from one and another of the immortals, as they happened to inhale the most novel, fragrant, yet suffocating effluence of nicotine. At last the Master arose, and striking his lyre to command attention, thus spoke:

"This meeting must begin. But oh! alas,  
That this dread thing should e'er have come to pass.  
That noble manhood should—hush! hear me now—  
Should ever fall so low as this. I vow  
That I am bored, completely bored, and yet  
That they are mortal, too, I can't forget.

'*Humanum est errare*,' teaches me  
 That in my judgment I should lenient be.  
 But then sirs, misses, you all know full well,  
 That modern poetry has lost the spell  
 It had long years ago. That wondrous power  
 Of rhythm and sentiment, which only our  
 Abilities can make. Where it has gone  
 I do not know, and yet I seldom con  
 One single line of beauty or of grace,  
 A single sentiment that I would trace  
 Yet farther than its words. We must reform  
 These matters. But I'm getting very warm.  
 Hebe throw the windows open. Let some air  
 Into the Hall—a little higher—there."

All faint with the exertion made, Apollo sat down. For a moment no one spoke. At length "my friend over the way" arose, and deeply conscious of the need even of a personal reformation, thus addressed Calliope, the muse of Poetry:

"Sweet muse of Poesy, fanciful Deity,  
 Aid me, I pray thee, to sing thee a song:  
 Grant to my lyric a spirit of gaiety  
 Rising unearthly, its soarings prolong.

"Help me to sing of the joys and the pleasures,  
 Taken from well-springs of holiest love,  
 Endless, exhaustless, as are those soft measures,  
 Sung with sweet harps by pure angels above.

"Then shall I joyfully, free from anxiety,  
 Sport long and oft with bright fancies above,  
 Joys, pure and holy, all fraught with variety,  
 Shall soothe and bless me while 'mid them I rove."

And then, as if forgetful of the object which had taken him thither to that august convocation, he burst forth into singing—

"'Twas not thy beauty, fairest maid,  
 That threw this charm around my heart;  
 A chain of glittering links, inlaid  
 With jewels bright from true Love's mart.  
 Ah! True Love's mart! I'm wrong—I'm told  
 That love is never bought nor sold.

"There is within thy bosom placed,  
A jewel Time cannot destroy—  
'Tis GENIUS, by pure Love embraced;  
Oh! may its brightness never cloy.  
To this my heart is forced to bow,  
And worship everlasting vow."

Astonishment, amazement, and joy at once overspread the countenances of all present, celestial as well as terrestrial. The long pent-up fountain of poetic inspiration at length had been unconsciously opened.

'Tis touched—there gushes forth those heavenly strains  
Which, mute, the listening multitude enchains.

The key to the great prison-house had just been found. It was genius—pure, matured, intelligent genius. "My friend over the way," unconscious of it himself, had broken down the barrier heretofore existing in the world of letters. He had burst asunder

The brilliant chain of gaudy links,  
That holds the mind from its rare sphere, and sinks  
It into nothingness.

All felt the happy effect. Pensiveness shrank from the pale brows upon which, all this time, she had sat enthroned. The Muses smiled, and were ecstatic. Calliope bowed her head, and wept for joy. Apollo, to cap the climax, threw his lyre aside, jumped up and shouted out aloud to me,

"Go thou quick, tell all the nations,  
That hereafter all creations  
Of the mind, in rhythmic metre  
Measured by poetic feet, or  
Any other queer contrivance,  
Must not have the least connivance  
With 'machines' in any measure,  
But let GENIUS be the treasure  
Of all poets. This, my fiat,  
Has gone forth. Go! herald, cry it."

Then, gazing around upon his hearers, joy lighting up every feature of his face, and new pride swelling his bosom, he continued,

"The art of Poetry has been redeemed  
From lost estate. *Jocundus nobiscum.*"

There being no further need for conference, the assembly was at once dissolved, and with the order to publish the unexpected flight of our distinguished friend to the world, we were hurried out of the apartment, tumbled into my dame Fancy's chariot, and soon we heard the charioteer cry out,

"Here you are, sirs; and all right, sirs;  
Come, get out, sirs—there—good-night, sirs,"

and found ourselves snugly ensconced in our cozy assembly chamber.

Before the memory of the glorious hours just passed should grow dim, we organized an "Association for Poetic Reform," based entirely on the inspiration of Genius, and we have made our initiatory steps full of hope and confidence. We are perfectly confident of a final overthrow of existing laws and forms, and the substitution of an entirely novel system, on the extraordinary inflation of my friend. Should any of your patrons wish to connect himself with our glorious "Renovator," he can do so by subscribing to our novelty, and endeavoring to conform as strictly as possible to the manifestation of the divine inspiration, always made as clear as a sunbeam, when in the presence of a member of the "Association for Poetic Reform."

Years may pass by, but still in memory's store  
That glorious time shall teach its lessons o'er,  
And modern verse must lose its cankering power,  
When memory dwells upon that happy hour.

Yours officially,

SIR CILLI MANNE,  
Sec. A. P. R.

## THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

Actuated by a reverence for the Constitution of our country, second only to that for his Bible, the writer ventures a few words on the constitutional question opened in the September number of the Magazine. The subject is one of such practical moment as to demand the candid consideration of all.

The argument in question seems to be faulty, because it leads to a justification of acts and measures which we all hold to be wrong. On page 19, the author says that "it makes but little difference whether our Constitution is destroyed by revolutionary disunion or by usurpation. *Both should be violently resisted,*" and with this premise argues on page 20, that "such a suspension of the powers of the Constitution is not usurpation," because no bayonets "are stained with the blood of the usurpers at Washington." We deny that in our form of government, usurpations are to be *violently* resisted. For who shall decide whether a given act is an usurpation? Not the men in power, for their decision would, of course, be favorable to themselves: not always the judiciary, for they can regard only the strictly legal bearings of the case. If every citizen is to be the judge, (as will always occur in practice,) the doctrine of violent resistance to usurpation would justify acts of Nullification and New York mobs. In fact, our great complaint against the people of the South, is that they resisted what *they* believed\* to be

\* In the address of the South Carolina Convention of December, 1860, we find the following language:

"The truth is, they (the Northern States) having violated the express provisions of the Constitution, it is at an end as a compact. South Carolina deeming the compact not only violated in particular features, but virtually abolished by her Northern confederates, withdraws herself," &c.

usurpation by the *sword*, instead of by the ballot. No! The ballot-box is the place for American citizens to resist encroachments on their rights, and when no protests are entered *there*, then will we concede that the people endorse the suspension of the Constitution as justifiable.

Near the foot of page 19, the writer justifies a suspension of the Constitution, on the ground that the intention or the end justifies the use of the means in question. Or, in plainer language, *to accomplish a good result we may use what means we deem proper.*

In like manner Jesuits argue, that to secure the purity of the Church they may resort to the Inquisition, to falsehood, theft, and even massacre. We apprehend the truth to be, that if the means proposed be of a questionable character, we should clearly ascertain,

1. That it is necessary to the accomplishment of the desired end, and the least injurious in its tendencies of any expedient at hand.

2. That it is tolerably certain of accomplishing the end.

3. That the good certain to be attained will surpass the dangers arising from the use of the means.

Without examining these or any similar tests of the propriety of the means in question, the writer assures us that he has "*decided* a question which is of the utmost importance to our subject, viz., that such a suspension of the powers of the Constitution is not usurpation." He thus summarily disposes of the question at issue.

But with respect to the first of these propositions, we hold that the means provided in the Constitution have been proved sufficient for the maintenance of a war with a belligerent, or for subduing a local insurrection. As Courts, President, and Congress concur in regarding the Southern people as belligerents, the same powers should be sufficient in the present case, as in former wars. Even if further powers were needed,



two years is surely long enough to have obtained them in a legal and unobjectionable manner from the people, acting in their sovereign capacity. Suspension of the Constitution is not, then, at present necessary, nor is it the least objectionable means.

Of the second head, we remark, that such suspensions are not certain, nor even likely to secure the end desired, viz., the preservation of the Constitution and the Union. Will you preserve a glass dish by breaking a piece out of it? Will the respect of the people for law, (the great basis of our peace at home,) be increased by the example of rulers breaking our law? And I venture to assert that the breach of constitutional guarantees on our part, is a great source of strength to the rebellion, and a cause of that lack of hearty support in the war, which the writer so justly bewails. Thus far such suspensions have *hindered* the attainment of the end desired.

Thirdly. In our opinion, the dangers arising from the precedent, (if endorsed by the people,) are immense. If the "good of the people" justifies the suspension of one article in one time of war, it justifies the suspension of *any* article in *any* time of war. Shall we give to every future executive the power, in time of war, to invade the courts of justice, to forbid the assembling of Congress, or to close the ballot-box? Truly the case *must be extreme* to justify such a precedent. The suspension is only temporary. Napoleon, under circumstances of the greatest necessity, caused the *temporary* suspension of the Council of Five Hundred—and the first Consul became Consul for life.

We call attention to the fact that if a means of questionable character be either unnecessary or uncertain of producing the end, or be full of dangerous characteristics quite as great as the good to be accomplished, *in either case* the use

of the means becomes a doubtful or unjustifiable experiment. The breaking of one link (if I have accomplished no more,) destroys the chain.

Finally, the writer tells us that the Constitution was made for times of peace, and is therefore unfit for times of revolution. If this be true, what mean the provisions giving power to Congress to raise armies, provide a navy, to suspend the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus? what means the statement that *one* article *may* be suspended in time of war, if the fact of war gives the right to suspend all? True, the instrument does not *say* that it shall not be suspended, neither does it *say* that no State shall secede. Both may be clearly inferred. Yet even supposing his premises as stated to be true, his argument applies only to the seceded States, not to us. *They* are inaugurating a revolution, not *we*. They are out in the field, amid quagmires and hidden pitfalls; we claim to be in the safe and beaten track of duty. Why leave it? Why suspend the Constitution, and thus break the only chain that binds them to us?

One remark further. In the last paragraph of page 20, he says: "It (the Constitution) deprives its protectors of some power which they might otherwise use to maintain its integrity." I deny the proposition. On the contrary, the Constitution *gives* to our President all the power which he possesses, either civil or military. In the writer's own words, it is the "*source from which all things else in the government derive their power*;" it is "*from its own nature and essence the fundamental law*. If, therefore, you annihilate it, like removing the foundation, the whole national structure falls headlong into ruin." And mark the warning voice of Webster: "*If these pillars fall, they will be reared not again*." See to it, fellow-citizens, that this foundation be not injured.

A . . .

---

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

---

Life is a trust. By the beneficence of a kind Creator we are placed in possession of that which comprehends under it all conceivable blessings. When God breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life, and made him a living, active being, he also gave him a never-dying soul—that which elevates him above the level of the brute creation, and makes him an intelligent, a rational, and an accountable being. This it is which makes life so precious to every one. For this reason we should strive to the utmost of our power to live while we live, and not squander away so precious a boon in idleness, or live merely for the gratification of base and selfish motives.

True, there is no one idea of the proper aim of life common to all; speculations regarding it are as varied and numerous as the different classes of men. The merchant who makes gold his idol awaits with mingled emotions of anxiety and joy the arrival of ships from every quarter of the globe, which shall empty their rich cargoes at his feet, and make his well-filled coffers to overflow with that which is proving a curse to him. He may be a Dives, but in reality he is poorer far than the beggar who eats the crumbs which fall from his table.

The desire for wealth rules with imperial sway in almost every breast. This is the dominant impulse; and it so influences most men that they will turn their thoughts and employ their time in the manner best adapted to its most speedy and certain attainment. The gold and silver of the miser only prove to be the shackles which bind him to the earth, and eventually their weight drags him down to everlasting perdition.

To some the fascinations of a life of pleasure present such temptations that they cannot be resisted. Those who think only of the present, and let the morrow take care of itself, seek the maximum of happiness in the wine-cup. Little do they think that as they drain to the very dregs the poisonous liquid, they are quaffing with avidity the gall of bitterness; and in their nightly orgies they hear not the echo which comes back from their revellings, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." The pomp and pageantry of war so dazzle the eyes of some men, that all things else are considered of secondary importance when compared with the achievements of a victorious conqueror. The names and actions of many illustrious heroes do emblazon the pages of history, and will live while the world exists; but is there not a higher, nobler aim in life than the acquisition of mere popular honor? Look at the conquests of Alexander, and the brilliant campaigns of Napoleon, and compare them with the philanthropy of a Howard. Aye, better be an humble peasant, whose heart has been enlightened by the rays of the Christian religion, than the prince who sits upon his throne and courts popular favor, which, like fickle fortune, exalts and casts down men at will.

Can we not from this form some estimate of the immense value of life, short as it is, and decide how it may be best employed? Surely God did not place man upon the earth that he might live only for himself; forgetting by whose instrumentality he was brought into existence, and to whom he is indebted for all the happiness which attends his life. No! The creature is commanded to coöperate with the Creator; to benefit fallen humanity, and make himself and them more worthy of the kindness of their Maker.

To make a life most profitable, we must set out with some definite end, and pursue it with a constant purpose; and not launch out on the great ocean, only to be tossed about on its

troubled bosom. Many a frail bark has passed down the calm river of youth in safety, but when forced to contend with the storms of adversity which agitate the ocean of manhood and of life, has been overwhelmed because of indecision and wavering.

Besides this all-important quality of singleness of purpose, self-culture is necessary. The situation in which we are placed for the culture and development of mind and body, should be fully appreciated by us, and not be passed by as of trivial importance. We live in an age in which civilization and science have advanced to the very highest point, when we are surrounded by numerous advantages for the acquirement of this cultivation, which, when properly made use of, enlarge our sphere of usefulness, and increase our capacity for conferring benefits on our fellow-men. In addition to all this, innumerable examples are before our eyes to arouse us from the lethargy which so easily steals over us, and to stimulate us to life and activity in the short period of our mortal existence—examples of men who have risked, aye, sacrificed their lives in their zealous endeavors to spread abroad the blessed truths of Christianity, and in defending those sacred principles of right which are the only sure foundation of any government.

At one of the darkest periods of the world's history, when superstition had engulfed Europe, and the people were drowned in ignorance and error; when corruption and crime, the effects of the mighty power wielded by a bigoted priesthood, ran riot through the land; then it was that Luther, in the majesty of his newly-found faith, dispersed the clouds which had so long wrapt in darkness the nations of Europe, and the genial rays of the Christian religion became a welcome beacon to guide those who were tossed about on this tempestuous sea, and warn them from the

quicksands and rocks on which their destruction would be inevitable.

The world's history is adorned by the record of the deeds of many such men, whose example we should follow, and whose virtues we should emulate. The ability to accomplish good, and to attain to the true ends of life, is not confined to any one class of men. Opportunities will offer themselves to every man, in whatever sphere of life he may be placed, which will call into play those powers for promoting the welfare of others which have been so liberally bestowed upon him by an all-wise Creator. But the time must come when man must retire from the arena of active life, and withdraw his name from the lists, either a conqueror or conquered. When childhood, with its innocent amusements, its smiles, and its tears, which were only the suffusion of joy, is past, and youth, buoyant with hope and cheered by the bright prospects of the future, "when the days were woven into weeks of blithe labor, and the weeks were rolled into harvest months of triumph, and the months were bound into golden sheaves of years," has become one of the things that were; when manhood, too, with its lights and shadows, its successes and reverses, has gone; and when now time has sifted his snow among the locks of man, and standing on the brink of the grave he looks back over his three-score years and ten, then it is that the thought will involuntarily come to him, have I lived only for myself? and has a life been thrown away for nothing? Happy the man who can answer in the negative.

Let us then gird on our armor and fight manfully in the great battle of life. With "*dum vivimus vivamus*" for our motto, we cannot but be successful. Then shall we be able ever to uphold and defend truth, and avoid and despise error; and at last wear the crown of a conqueror throughout a blissful eternity.

B.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

---

My loved ones are dying in woodland and grove,  
In their last feeble struggles they wander and rove,  
Then silently falling they sink to their rest,  
On the bosom that bore them, their own mother's breast.

I knew them so well that they nodded to me  
As they grew by my home on creeper or tree,  
They beckoned and whispered, and often would try,  
To keep off the sunbeams that danced in the sky.

I loved them so long and watched them so well,  
By each motion and wave I easily could tell  
When the storm-king was out in his black and his grey,  
Or the meadows made welcome the bright Queen of May.

And sometimes in summer they silent would hang,  
When the neighboring birds their little songs sang,  
As if they were charmed by companions so dear,  
And had in their way a most musical ear.

I've watched in the moonlight their silvery dress,  
I've heard its soft rustle and seen them caress,  
And known in the woodland just under the trees,  
The music Æolian they made with the breeze.

Do you wonder I'm sad, when in anguish they fly,  
Across the green sward—when I know they must die—  
When I see the great branches, whose comfort they were,  
Stretch out their bare arms in such cruel despair?

When I stand by their graves, and look on the shroud  
Which winter has laid on my playmates so proud,  
And the bright hectic flush that in their decline  
Brought death in such beauty to these friends of mine?

Ah! leave me alone in the sad autumn air  
That breathes its sweet dirge o'er my loved ones so fair,  
They are trying my faith, and if true it remain,  
I'm sure in the spring-time they'll come back again.

SIGMA.

### THE CHARITY OF SILENCE.

---

The northern blast, sweeping headlong from land to land, from sea to sea—the fearful simoom of the desert, casting into smothering whirlwinds the scattered sands, sends a thrill of excitement and terror to the heart of the lonely traveller. The invincible phalanx, marching with steady tread to the beaten measure of the martial strain, addresses the spirit and stirs the life. The fierce dashing of the cataract, the breaking of the wave upon the sandy beach, the rolling thunder, the rippling rivulet, the pattering rain, the voice of melody, all arouse the feelings, and produce upon the sensibilities their peculiar thrilling effect. But what, in all the course of nature, can call forth such untroubled peace, such sweet calmness, and such pure delight, as that fearful, mighty, inspiring feeling of silence?

Utterance stirs our spirits; silence moves our hearts. Utterance commands the mortal; silence holds in check the immortal. Utterance rouses the life; silence commands the soul. Utterance makes known to man his neighbor; silence teaches him himself. He is so constituted that his mind seems grooved and fitted for the reception of this great principle; he oftentimes seeks it and desires to be ruled by it. It is a gentle master, leading his willing pupil far from turmoil and strife, through paths of peace, which are as milk and honey to his troubled spirit.

From the fountain of all utterance and of all silence, is reflected in unmistakable rays the untold energy of this puissant principle. He has uttered his voice from Sinai; he has commanded his whirlwind from Horeb, and man could endure it not: but in the majestic silence of the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night, did he make plain



his glory to the unnumbered hosts of the sons of Jacob. In later times, he has revealed himself in his holy law, and men tremble and understand not; while in the silent recesses of the human heart, by the influence of an unuttering Spirit, is the saving power of this love felt and known. Calm silence, who can tell thy power? Human reason knoweth thee not, human feeling doth not apprehend thee, human life can claim but a portion of thee; for thou art lodged in the bosom of Omnipotence. At the threshold of a subject too lofty for our feeble power we pause—and well we may, for we can only bow our spirits in view of its serene might, and feebly glance upon its speaking features.

Its characteristics are too free and boundless to be enchain'd within such meagre limits as we can frame. The honesty with which it irradiates all within its grasp, the truth outspread as undeniable as light, the calmness with which it permeates the soul, the hope which it preludes, the love it evinces, its strength, peace, life, beauty, all appear before us in vivid animation and brilliancy, challenging us to draw from among them any that will do a shadow of justice to their great archetype. Amid that symmetrical and compact rank, arranged before us under the banner of their great original, stands back from the outer line of observation a face beaming with purest love; 'tis charity, the noblest feature of them all—the charity of silence.

Charity expressed is the noblest trait of our nature, the key-note of humanity, the test-rule of Christianity, the plainest landmark of love, the most brilliant gem of admiration. But charity of silence, who can fathom it? A jot, a tittle of its power, and we are speechless in adoration: the unrestrained sway it wields throughout the realms of matter and mind can be known only to the impenetrable conceptions of the Infinite. Behold this messenger of peace meeting the

faults of a brother, and stopping not to criticise, bids them sink away into forgetfulness; seeking no palliation in the dark broad extent of the past, commits them to oblivion; inspiring courage in the heart of the fallen, and bidding hope enliven the troubled spirit of the erring.

"The drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

When that foulest of all the loathsome emissaries of hatred, suspicion, not stopping to secure a warrantable proof, and oft avoiding it, unblushingly seeks the destruction of its object; when lips innumerable are ever ready to join the insulting cry; when jealousy and malevolence add line to line and sentence to sentence, erecting on false foundations a fabric of overpowering prejudice, the charity of silence draws her honest mantle over the wicked scene, and bids the rancorous ones stop and think, before they make a semblance a reality, and let suspicion have untrammelled course. Let silence rule in such an hour as this, and her pure charity, with hand as certain as the circling sun, will mould the dark side bright, and show the truth where'er that truth may stand. And by this same truth will stand a mentor, to guide and comfort amid the ills of life.

"Be not suspicious overmuch,  
But leave the tattler his full course to run,  
And innocence will triumph in the end."

In praises, too, this gentlest of all influences wields its potent sceptre. Often, too, strong affection bids us overpraise its object; or admiration or selfish motives prompt an extra tribute, and a little more than proper meed of praise. 'Tis then the charity of silence will be of more avail than the laudations of a thousand tongues, or the untiring effort of hours of toil. The helping hand will not.

then change its place, and when it thinks it raises to an eminence, cast its dear object back, far back, into pits of danger walled with rocks of death.

Man is himself most in danger from the subtle arts of praises. Poor human nature and the faults of education lead him to estimate his merits far above their worth—to hamper his good points, while his poor ones alone are in cold neglect, in need of culture. "Man's greatest enemy is himself;" and it is to meet this enemy that he needs the charity of silence. It will surely guard the way, and in a sombre shade for ever hide the road that leads him to the vacant waste of self-esteem. When he can still his own faint praises, and drive them hence, far into pathless, trackless void, he will be conquering in a noble cause, where master minds have fallen.

Oh, charity of silence! overpowering in nature, intense in life, eloquent in death, in every phase thou standest pure, unsullied, as the god-like feeling of the human heart! Would that this heartless world, with all its blank, cold smiles, its haughty mien and thankless looks, could know thee as thou art, and feel thee in thyself! Silence—so calm, so sweet, so pure: charity—so honest, so true, so heavenly: but charity of silence, oh how indescribably grand! We cannot reach unto thee; we feel—we grasp—we think we hold a fragment; but in our hand remains a single thread, while the stupendous whole, throughout illimitable space, in quiet peace still rises higher—higher—higher, until it encircles the eternal throne of the great I AM.

Q.

---

FAREWELL.

---

Is there a gloomy spell  
Thrown round the word, Farewell?

Yes, words of parting gloomily fall  
Upon a deeply loved, or loving heart,  
And, folding round it like a pall,  
A pensive sadness to its joy impart.

---

"Farewell!" The trembling hand is grasped,  
Perhaps unbidden tears well quickly up;  
The hand is then more tightly clasped,  
And silent grief fills Friendship's sweetest cup.

And then, as oceans roll  
Their dark, green waves, far o'er some wide-sloped beach,  
And, driven by a sudden tempest, reach  
Beyond their wonted goal,  
Whence they flow back, and bear on broken crest  
Full many gems, which there had lain at rest,—  
So memory calls up  
The long neglected past, and heavily bears  
All mutual joys and triumphs, fears and cares,  
In one bright blended group.

"Farewell!" The trembling hand is grasped,  
The tear of sympathy wells quickly up,  
Convulsively the hand is clasped,  
And silent grief fills Friendship's sweetest cup.  
Eye beams on eye; heart throbs to kindred heart;  
And closer clings the soul-chords doomed to part.  
"Farewell!" "Farewell!" The heart-strings quiver,  
Then harshly break—perhaps for ever.

M.

### POPULARITY.

---

The best things can be perverted. From the sad day when the fruit of Eden

*"Brought death into the world and all our woe,"*

to the present, that which is in itself good has been turned to evil. Thus prudence degenerates into avarice, proper self-respect reaches unrestrained ambition, and the Christian desire to be friendly with all men becomes too often a base servility to every whim of the multitude.

Popularity intrinsically is desirable; when honestly won, it is in no wise to be despised, but rather an honor to be coveted. Men have lived who have justly been idolized, who have gained and fairly merited the love and devotion of their fellows, and such men may well be called happy. But there is a vile attempt after public favor, a strained reaching after popularity which is deserving of severe rebuke. Such a spirit is, alas! too common, and its undeviating effect is the degradation of any and all who pursue it. It becomes, then, of the first importance carefully to examine true and false popularity, and to see those features in each which render one desirable and the other to be shunned.

A good explanation of popularity is not easy; it embraces a certain relation in which one man stands to others. A man is popular when he is regarded with favor by the mass of his fellows. When this element is analyzed, it appears to involve in the first place respect. Men cannot look with favor upon any one whom they deem unworthy of their respect; there must be something, in the popular man, which is superior to themselves, to which they can look up; a man who seeks popularity, and yet is not thus exalted above the masses, comes soon to be regarded with contempt.

Superiority of some kind is necessary to any long-continued favor from the people; these, however, are often deceived, and their favor is bestowed on many a base imitation.

In addition to the element of respect in popularity, there is ever present some common interest or fellow-feeling between the man and the masses. Thus that superiority which secures respect is not felt to be such, and therefore is not onerous. Joined to these, popularity of course involves the good will of the multitude, which is the natural result of their respect, and the common feeling which unites them with the object of their favor. Popularity, then, composed of such elements, is the verdict of more or less men to the worth of a fellow-man, and, next to the favor of God and the approval of one's own conscience, is eminently desirable—how then may it be lawfully acquired?

One of the first essentials to popularity is self-respect. If you do not think well of yourself, no one else will. Of course, egotism and self-conceit are to be shunned; between these and a manly self-respect, there is a wide difference. He who continually shows by his manners that he thinks himself superior to all others, who is a second Sir Oracle, merits and receives contempt. There are few sights more ludicrous, and yet more pitiable, than that of a man swollen with self-conceit—"all things are made for him," nothing is perfect in which he is not concerned; he is sufficient for any task, whether it be a feat of intellectual, gastric, or muscular strength, or the more delicate art of heart-smashing or flirting. While such a picture amuses and disgusts, there is always something to admire in a man who entertains a proper respect for himself—a man who remembers that he is God's noblest work, the image of his Maker, and who is conscious of his immortal nature and of his accountability. In this world of ours, moreover, a degree of self-respect is necessary to prevent imposition; humility and compliance

are good and virtuous in their place, but not so when they become base servility. It is by entire freedom from fear that some acquire their wonderful powers over the fiercest of the brute creation, whereas the least show of trepidation would be at once fatal to their influence and their lives. So in life a man must be courageous; he must take his stand among his fellows as their equal; for the least indication of weakness in this respect is eagerly seized upon by many as an opportunity for assault—ignoring even the rules of pugilists, they will strike a man when he is down. There are certain rights which men possess, in the maintenance of which even the employment of force is sacred. If, then, a man desire the favor of the multitude, he must respect himself, he must do nothing degrading or unmanly. There is an impression that in order to gain popularity, one must lose all sense of his own honor, and become, for a time at least, the puppet of the masses. Such conduct may for a while please the lowest and most ignorant of our race; but even with them its effect is transient, and with men of sense absolutely fruitless.

Another essential to popularity is consistent, manly conduct. This seems to be identical with self-respect, and indeed is an outgrowth from it. Consistency is a jewel, of whose value every one is aware. Even as beauty in nature and art largely consists in the symmetry and mutual adaptation of parts, so that character is praiseworthy where some one controlling principle binds it together in harmony, and imparts unity to the whole. "Order is heaven's first law," and the mass of men, if they do not practise consistency, have the greatest respect for it, even when employed in wrong-doing. On the other hand, we all know with what contempt an inconsistent man is regarded. Evidently such an one either has no faith in his own principles, or is utterly destitute of all strength of purpose—"unstable as water, he

shall not excel." But in order to gain popular favor, it is necessary that one be consistent in manly and honorable principle and action. That appeal to men which will endure longest, and produce the most beneficial results, must be to those affections which are deepest, most universal and most active; and no one can deny that man, bad and perverted as he is, does in his inmost soul cherish a profound love for the grand, the noble, and the right. Hence, popularity that is worth the having will never demand the sacrifice of our manhood; many believe that it requires one to give up his principles, but even if this were so, the course of action would be plain—no amount of man's applause can compensate for the sacrifice of our convictions of right. On the contrary, an adherence to these will generally induce, instead of remove confidence. The practice of an honorable and upright course of conduct may cause enemies to arise. A firm, manly deportment, actuated by self-respect, and disdaining every mean artifice, may cause disaffection in those whose base natures expect to find villany every where; but when did ever the eternal principles of truth and right have a free, unopposed course? The old aphorism that "truth is mighty and must prevail," implies opposition, and we may as well learn the lesson first as last, that every man who would not be a nonentity may expect to meet with enemies. The minister of the holy gospel, the burden of whose life is peace and good will to men, and whose master is the Prince of peace, incurs by this very conduct the sneer of the misanthropist and the hatred of the ungodly. Nor will any one who is willing to make any and every concession for the sake of quiet fare better, but will surely lay himself open to injury and imposition at every turn. The heaven-drawn representation of the Christian is that of a warrior clad in armor, offensive and defensive; surely, then, those who would live the life of a man, and not simply exist as one of



a lower species, must in this world expect and bravely meet the opponents of right, and wait for their eternal rest in a world free from sin.

Once more, popularity should be sought and obtained by adherence to the right. Comment upon this statement seems superfluous. While men will not love and practise the right themselves, they cannot in general fail to admire the exhibition of it in others. It may gall them to see another performing those duties which they criminally neglect, but still respect and admiration will be mingled with their pique, and should all else fail, selfishness itself will go far in favor of a conscientious man. When, from the nature of society, the many are obliged to trust themselves and their dearest interests to the keeping of a few, who can say that virtue is not both useful and popular? We must not, however, so wrong our humanity as to believe that all mankind are the sworn enemies of the good; there is a host of truth-loving souls who are not often heard in the din of the noisy world, and by these adherence to the right will ever be respected, beloved, and prayed for. So with the favor of the good and true, we may even afford to lose the regard of the wicked.

The representation that has now been made of popularity, and of the means by which it may be acquired, will probably differ widely from the ideas which many have formed upon these subjects. There is another popularity, sought by the unprincipled, and obtained by dishonorable means, which is often met with. This spurious article is bought and sold for gold; intrinsic worth is by no means necessary to its attainment, but rather a hinderance, and the characters of the men who have possessed it have covered it with deserved disgrace. Such a popularity is exceedingly insecure; founded upon the sand, the slightest storm will cause its overthrow. The possessor of it is continually anxious, and ever on the alert, lest his footing should fail him, and with good reason;

for the favor of the people gained unfairly is not for a moment sure, but as soon as the deceit is discovered, they will go to the other extreme, and "the last state of that man shall be worse than the first." How many hopes have been for ever ruined by the changing of a mob, and how often have those who sought this false popularity found it a broken reed which pierced their hands!

We cannot blame the people for this inconstancy—they are good at heart, willing to believe the best. It is not strange, then, that their emotional natures should be easily influenced by sophistry and fair pretences; but when the temporary effect has worn off, and they see that this fair exterior covers no sterling worth, then the natural longing for a worthy object of their affections, heightened by their chagrin at being duped, leads them to violent extremes. We all know how few men to-day are long the favorites of the people, and it is equally true that those few are, without exception, men in whom has been found and tried the rare quality of true worth. We do not wish to believe that mankind generally are so depraved as to find their greatest pleasure in whatever is most debased—we would give them credit for more honor, and for an innate love of the right, believing that, although often deceived, they are ever actuated by these noble motives in choosing the objects of their love.

If these things are so, the only popularity that will endure, the only one that will be of lasting benefit, with which a man may feel satisfied, and of which he may well be proud, is the one to be obtained as before indicated—by self-respect, consistency, manliness, and adherence to the right. Would that this doctrine might be rung into the ears of every aspirant for public favor, and that every politician would accept it as part of his political creed—then the contemptible tricks of the day would be at a discount, bribery and corruption

would be checkmated, and government would be a paradise on earth. Such a popularity is emphatically worth the having; if one tried friend is a treasure, if the good old Dominie, rejoicing in the love of his people, is to be envied, what must be the happiness of the man who feels that his own merit has enthroned him in the hearts of hundreds or thousands of his fellows?

It is to be hoped that enough has been said to show the propriety and utility of an upright, manly life, in order to secure the favor of the many. It is manifest that the regard of those who cannot respect such conduct is better lost than won; but above all, he who thus lives has the proud consciousness that whatever others may think, he enjoys the approval of his own heart, and the rich benediction of Him that judgeth righteously. L.

---

#### HABITS OF THOUGHT.

---

Man has been endowed by his Creator with a reasoning faculty, which makes him a progressive creature. This is the power which ennobles him, and renders him capable of dominion over all the earth. In order that this power may be the more effectual, and that he may be able to communicate his mental states to others, and ascertain theirs in return, language is employed. Of this there are two forms, verbal and written. The former is so familiar to us, its consideration here will be unnecessary; but the latter, being peculiar in some of its departments, may contain something of interest, especially the process of arranging thought in the form of discourse. This work is not by any means equally easy to all, nor attended with the same phenomena. It is through

these phenomena, that we propose to consider this process of embodying thought in written language. The best mode of becoming acquainted with these will be, perhaps, to visit a few sanctums in which the occupants are engaged in this work. Here is one sitting in the midst of a pile of books—some on the table, some on the nearest chairs, and some deposited upon the floor. Pens, ink and paper are scattered around in profusion. Now let us notice him in the very act. He sits with his elbows upon the table, and his head resting upon his hands. See! now he is scratching his head, as if he has no doubt that the ideas are there, but how to get them out, is the great question with him. At last he has secured one, and with a gusto he notes it down. Then this same process is repeated, and thus it is he succeeds in this task. Here is another, who operates in entirely a different manner. His books are on the shelves, he is dressed in a wrapper, and is reclining in an arm-chair, with his feet perched up, regaling himself with the sweet odor of a Havana. He is meditating. Now he has finished his cigar, he goes to his desk, and his pen moves rapidly for some time. This is his way of accomplishing this business. We will notice but one more. He is somewhat like the first, only we may call this one a walking compositor. His books are all on hand, lying on all sides, and in all parts of the room, so that he can hardly pilot his way among them. He wanders about his room in profound abstraction, until some idea for which he has been wrestling is brought into subjection, and he hastes to record the triumph.

These are a few of the many peculiarities to which writers are addicted, and of the exertions which it is necessary for some writers to make. Although there are a few who can write excellent things with very little difficulty, yet most of our great works cost their authors much severe mental application. We are informed that Milton thought long on his

Paradise Lost, before he endeavored to commit it to writing. Newton was distinguished as a man who reached wonderful results by great mental efforts. Noah Webster spent ten years of severe study in preparing himself for compiling his dictionary. Many more could be cited who, by great perseverance and application only, were able to gain distinction. These are only instances in which we happened to hear of the struggles and efforts which great men undergo, in order that they might present to mankind the profoundest thoughts of which they are capable. The number of the untold endeavors, and the peculiarities attending them, must be almost infinite.

The work of composition is, therefore, for the most part, a difficult operation. Ignorance of this fact has injured many young writers. Because they cannot accomplish their desires with ease, they become discouraged, and begin to imagine that they do not possess the talent. They would become great men in literature, whilst they are ignorant of the means by which this distinction is usually reached. It must always be remembered, that it is as true in the literary world as in any other sphere, that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his face.

OCTOEDRON.

---

#### THE GHOST IN HAMLET.

---

The expression, "What would Hamlet be without the Ghost?" has called down severe, and not altogether undeserved criticism. Such a remark, it has been said, betrays an utter lack of comprehension in dramatic art, nay, in poetry. The object of Shakespeare was to portray the character of the Prince of Denmark, by placing him in such a

position that his duties apparently came into conflict, and thus showing the influence, in a finely constituted temperament, of the conscience upon the intellect and the will, to neutralize the active powers and turn volition into mere reflection. The Ghost is merely an instrument, a stage device, by which this is effected, and other means could be conceived to produce the same result.

Now this is so far true that the introduction of the spectre is entirely subsidiary to the evolution of Hamlet's character. Whenever it—for a ghost, we believe, has no gender—whenver it becomes the centre of interest, we may judge, without much hesitation, that the reader or hearer might as well be engrossed in some ranting clap-trap, full of false glitter and stage effect; for certainly he will not understand Shakespeare. But when we examine the tragedy, we cannot recognise the Ghost as an ordinary theatrical arrangement, a choice out of many means to produce a given result. Alike from the custom and genius of the poet, and from the exquisite adaptation to its end, it commends itself as a necessary element of the play, without which the end would not agree with the beginning: and this we shall try to prove.

It is past argument that the introduction of supernatural beings into a drama of human life and passion is of itself to be avoided. The authors of Shakespeare's own time abound in satire and ridicule of the unskilful playwrights who brought their heroes into dreadful straits, and then, unable to get them off by human agency, fled to the gods for succour, and brought down from Olympus Jupiter to smite their enemies, or Juno to assist their love; and from that time to this, recourse to "metaphysical aid" has been the badge of incompetency, as the cap and bells of the fool. The old Greek drama, in which the supernatural element is so prominent, is no longer the model of the English stage. Indeed, the tendency in the plays of more modern date, the

dramas of the Restoration, was to err in the other direction; to abjure not only the immediate interference of a *præsens deus*, but the recognition of his being and power to reward and to punish. The heroes of Congreve and Wycherley have certainly no especial faith in any deity save the god of this world. Nor is the reason far to seek; if our space and time permitted, we would like to show how the drama of the Greeks and English respectively is the natural offspring of their religion; that of the former wedding the natural to the spiritual by all the powers of sensuous embodiment, by the constant reference to a supernatural power in every object of the outer world: the other separating religion from its daily life, as if she were, like a rare jewel, too precious for common use. This, however, we cannot now consider. Whatever the reason may be, the fact is unquestioned. We may conclude, then, that only for a very strong reason would Shakespeare have summoned the "powers of the air" to his assistance. In truth, he has done so in very few instances. The *Tempest*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, are all that we can recall. Examination of these dramas will lead to our second and conclusive argument, that the object of the play could be attained in no other way.

In the work of a master, the effect of evoking the shadowy powers that rule the kingdom of the unknown world, is not merely to make the progress of the action depend upon their mysterious interference, but to give a certain tone to the poem, to remove it from the level glare of noonday to the twilight region of fancy, or the cloud-capped summits of imagination. When nothing but the plot is altered by their intervention—when they make their entrance only to deliver set speeches, which would come as well from earthlings, we exclaim with Macaulay, "What cost in machinery, yet what poverty of effect! A ghost brought in to say what any man could have said!" Accordingly, in each of the dramas men-

tioned above, we find the supernatural element giving character and consistency to the whole. The witches of *Macbeth*, the fairies of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the sprites and goblins of *The Tempest*, strike the keynote to the dramas. But the Ghost, though it throws around its immediate appearances the mystery and awe that are wont to attend the visits of its tribe, cannot be said to alter materially the character of the tragedy. *Hamlet* is, throughout, the most *human* of Shakespeare's poems. It deals with the highest and most infinite affairs that can occupy the thoughts of a man. It is concerned with "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;" with the sore perplexity of life; with the mystery of death; and it looks at them not from the stand-point of superior knowledge, not even from the citadel of faith, but with the eyes of a sinning, suffering man; all alive to the claims of duty, yet doubting, honestly doubting, where that duty lies, embarrassed in an apparent conflict of claims upon his moral nature. This is the essence and the true greatness of the play; and while the appearance of the spectre in the first scene throws a deeper gloom around, and somewhat prepares the mind for the melancholy close, it never for a moment occupies the principal place, or is suffered to divert our hearts from the thoughtful, suffering, noble Prince of Denmark.

So, then, we have exhausted all suppositions but one. Since an apparition is so rarely introduced by the poet, and is contrary to the rules of his art, it must subserve some great purpose; and that purpose is not to give tone to the play. It must then develope the character of *Hamlet*—and develope it as nothing else could—or the dramatist stands condemned by the soundest canons of criticism. It is our purpose, then, to show that in no other way could the requirements of the drama have been fulfilled; that in no other way could *Hamlet* have become the profoundest type



of human life that ever was embodied in poetic art. In attempting this we must, of course, draw our arguments from the story of the play.

The main outlines are known to all. A month before the time at which the play opens, the King of Denmark, excelling in every noble quality, had suddenly died, leaving his wife and son, called after him Hamlet, to sustain the government. Scarce two months after his death the queen had married his brother Claudius, with such indecent haste that "the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables." Now Claudius was in all things the opposite of his brother, mean and deformed in body and mind; so that the news of the marriage came with an added shock upon young Hamlet's heart. He is introduced in the second scene, bitterly deploring the unnatural conduct of his mother, scarcely able to conceal his dislike and disgust from the king, and sick at heart with the world; yet feeling it his duty to suffer in silence. He is interrupted by the entrance of his friend Horatio, with two of the palace guard. They come to tell him a strange and marvellous story, which can best be given in the words of the play. Hamlet welcomes his friend, just returned from Wittenberg; then recurring to his previous meditations, pours out upon him the bitterness of his soul; saying of his father,

He was a man, take him for all in all.

I ne'er shall look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw! Who?

*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.

*Ham.* The king my father!

*Hor.* Season your admiration for awhile

With an attent ear; till I may deliver

Upon the witness of these gentlemen

These marvels to you.

*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night,  
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,  
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pie,  
Appeared before them, and with solemn march  
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walked  
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes  
Within his truncheon's length; while they, distilled  
Almost to jelly by the act of fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,  
And I with them the third night kept the watch:  
When as they had delivered, both in time,  
Form of thing, each word made true and good,  
The apparition comes. I knew your father;  
These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did;

But answer made it none. \* \* \*

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

After several further inquiries, he determines to see for himself. "I will watch to-night; perchance, 'twill walk again." He commands their silence concerning what they had beheld, and dismisses them. Then his half-formed suspicions break out in words: "My father's spirit in arms! all is not well; I doubt some foul play."

That night he and Horatio watch with the guard on the outer rampart. They are talking together on a common subject, when the spectre appears and motions Hamlet to follow; replying to his agonized invocation only by repeated beckonings. Breaking from his friends, he rushes after its retreating form, and when they have passed out of all mortal hearing, the dreadful spirit turns, and reveals his mission of woe.

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit.

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,  
Avenge his foul and most unnatural murder.  
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my garden,

A serpent stung me: but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* Oh my prophetic soul! my uncle!

*Ghost.* Sleeping within mine orchard,  
My custom always of an afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of my ears did pour  
The leperous distilment:—  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, of queen at once despatched,  
Cut off even in the blossom of my sins,  
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head.  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.

But his mother, though privy to the crime, must be spared.

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven.  
Adieu! adieu! adieu! remember me. (*Exit.*)

And now observe the exquisite art of the poet. Hamlet throughout appears as a man in whom the conscience and the meditative faculties greatly preponderate over the will. If now an eye-witness had come to him with a plain story of the murder, there would have been no room for hesitation, doubt, delay. The duty of revenge would be weighed against the duty of forgiveness, and the balance struck at once. But now to a moral perplexity is added a mental. Perchance the Ghost is a lying spirit sent to destroy him.

The spirit that I have seen  
May be a devil; and the devil bath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy  
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have proof  
More relative than this.

Anxious to escape from the dreadful necessity of killing his uncle, he seizes upon this plausible and proper ground

for delay, and resolves to sift the matter in another way. By means of a play, in which a murder of like character is represented, he catches the conscience of the king, and obtains strong proof of his worst suspicions; but inaction has blunted the edge of his purpose. He cannot make up his mind to the act of revenge, and when he has a fair opportunity, he fails to seize it, and palters with his heart, striving to deceive himself as to his reasons; for once, finding the king alone, making a vain attempt to relieve his agonized conscience in prayer, he makes no offer at his life; saying to himself that as Claudius slew his father unprepared, so he must perish when he is drunk, asleep, at gaming, swearing, or about some act that has no relish of salvation in 't:—words which Johnson says are “too horrible to be read or uttered;” but in which the sapient critic failed to see the action of a mind striving to excuse itself to itself.

Finally, Hamlet, perplexed beyond endurance, having even simulated madness to escape censure and give free vent to his troubled and restless heart, resolves to charge his mother with her crime, and press home conviction to her very soul. This appears a sort of compromise between the full performance of the Ghost's bidding, and a dumb, unmanly endurance; but even while he is reproaching her with her wickedness, and piercing her with the arrows of indignation, the spectre appears before his horror-stricken eyes—

*Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation*

*Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose:*

and bidding him look to his mother, he vanishes. Yet Hamlet cannot resolve upon the act; he lingers and muses, pouring forth all the time the fine thoughts, the grand meditations upon all things in heaven and earth, which so make up the staple of the play, and which have given it such supreme rank in dramatic literature, as the exponent of the poet's ripest powers.

The conclusion of the story is known to all. In a moment of fearful wrath, at the discovery that his mother and himself are alike victims to the king's perfidy, he finally commits the deed of vengeance, and an hour afterwards expires from the wound of a poisoned weapon.

Thus have we striven to show the intervention of the Ghost to be necessary to the development and congruity of the character of Hamlet, and consequently to the progress of the play. If we conceive the drama, as we must conceive it, to have been rounded and harmonious in the conception of the poet before the first word was penned, we shall the more revere the genius which could so adapt the means to the end, and invent so lofty an occasion for the exhibition of mighty and mournful passion.

Time and again have we read this play, and every fresh perusal increases our admiration for its beauty and grandeur. From its first appearance on the stage it has steadily won upon the sympathy and love of the educated world, whose verdict is the ultimate fate of every work of art. In the days of vitiated public taste, when poetry and criticism alike followed a false standard of excellence, Shakespeare was considered as a man whose great talents were weighed against great faults; a wonderful barbarian, vigorous in thought and speech, but glaringly defective in style and language. But the verdict of the coffee-houses could not drive the public to admire Cato, or to give up Hamlet. The great actors of the day, the Kembles and Keans, who ruled the stage, never wavered in their allegiance to the great poet. And the popular preference was fully justified; a change came over the spirit of criticism. Arbitrary rules were superseded by the laws and principles that are founded on eternal truth: and judged by them, Shakespeare took his place as sovereign of poetry, to whom was no rival nor second; and Hamlet, as the perfect expression of his greatness, holds highest rank in the esteem of civilized mankind.

## Editor's Table.

---

BEFORE entering upon the monthly record, the Editor owes an apology to his readers for the late appearance of the Magazine. It is hard to exculpate himself without blaming others. The delay in transmitting the manuscript to the printers arose partly from the failure of contributions upon which he had counted with confidence, and partly from a misunderstanding by which several articles were detained in Princeton a week longer than was expected or intended. Trusting that this brief explanation may prove satisfactory, he ventures a hope that the quality of the November number may compensate somewhat for its late arrival.

In reading the productions of his predecessors, the Editor has been painfully impressed by the fact that they have thought it necessary to embellish the Table with choice sallies of wit, original and selected; as also to adorn it with words of appalling length to eye and ear, culled with liberal hand from Worcester or Webster; to both of which he is utterly incompetent. Ambitious only of the merit of a faithful chronicler, he will attempt to set forth, in such plain language as he can command, the few noteworthy events which, since the advent of the September number, have ruffled the smooth current of our monotonous existence, and added another page of college life to our Book of Remembrance.

November has been so barren in topics of interest that our Table must of necessity be short. Day after day has passed in a dull routine of recitations, each so like the other that the journal of one would serve for all. The only subject which might interest our readers is "contraband," relating to a controversy between the Whig members of the Faculty on one hand, and a majority of the Hall on the other, concerning a proposed alteration in the Code of Government of that Hall. The whole affair has become matter of such publicity that we cannot altogether pass it by. Suffice it to say that by the personal interposition and cogent arguments of several Professors, the measure failed of success. As we write, a rumour reaches us, from good authority, that on account of another more recent proceeding, which they consider a violation of College law, the Faculty, or the Trustees upon the representation of the Faculty, intend to deprive the Halls of the power of choosing Junior Orators, and either abolish the office altogether, or confer it hereafter as a reward of proficiency in study. We trust that this is false. It would strike a great

blow at the welfare of the institutions; for we take interest in them because they are our own, and our pride is concerned in keeping them up. Should they become mere appendages of the College, under the immediate government of the Faculty, our interest and our pride would vanish together.

The town, as usual, has been very quiet. A few lectures have been given in Mercer Hall, but the attendance did not encourage their continuance. The great event of the month was a concert on behalf of the Organ Fund of the First Presbyterian Church. Some of the performers were from our own number, and of course the College was largely represented in the audience. Every thing went off with great *éclat*. The church was crowded, and many could not obtain seats; the singers were greeted with applause; and last, but not least, the proceeds were very considerable.

Thanksgiving has come and gone, with all its pleasant remembrances and adjuncts. To most of us it brings the memories of others of its name long past—of Thanksgiving days spent with all the forms around us that we had known and loved since childhood. College is pleasant enough at other times; but there is something in this day that denies a full measure of social enjoyment to all who cannot hear the home-voices and see the home-faces around the board. All who lived within reasonable distance were missing at chapel; and even a double share of boarding-house turkey did not wholly assuage the feelings of the exiles. So much for the outside view. Those of us who remember the last Thanksgiving, in the gloomy autumn of '62, when the proclamation that assigned the day could scarcely enumerate among its blessings the approaching fulfilment of our great hope, when we thanked God for corn-field and vineyard, but could only pray that victory might be granted to our arms, will realize how gloriously that prayer has been answered.

To our successor belongs the office of recording the result of the College elections, and the closing scenes of the session. That it has been a pleasant season to all who claim old Nassau for their Alma Mater, is the hearty wish of

THE NOVEMBER EDITOR.

## THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE

Is published by an Editorial Committee of the Senior Class of the College of New Jersey, every month, during term time. Each number will contain forty-eight pages of original matter. Connected with it are four prizes for the best original essays. None but subscribers are permitted to compete for this prize. The comparative merit of the pieces handed in for the prize will be decided by a Committee selected from the Faculty.

TERMS, (*invariably in advance*), \$2 00 PER YEAR.

All communications should be addressed to the Nassau Literary Magazine, Princeton, N. J.

---

### EDITORS.

SEPTEMBER, . . . . .	WILLIAM KERSHAW, Md.
OCTOBER, . . . . .	W. J. BRIDELLS, Pa.
NOVEMBER, . . . . .	RICHARD S. HUNTER, Pa.
DECEMBER, . . . . .	SAMUEL M. GARDNER, N. Y.
■ TREASURER, . . . . .	LEWIS BOND, N. J.

---

### CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. EXPERIENCE.....	97
2. THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.....	102
3. ABOUT POETRY.....	104
4. THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.....	111
5. DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.....	115
6. AUTUMN LEAVES.....	119
7. THE CHARITY OF SILENCE.....	120
8. FAREWELL.....	124
9. POPULARITY.....	125
10. HABITS OF THOUGHT.....	131
11. THE GHOST IN HAMLET.....	133
12. EDITOR'S TABLE.....	142